

A REDBOOK DIALOGUE:

Allen Dulles and Ian Fleming

STATINTL

Allen Dulles has served in diplomatic, legal and intelligence posts under eight presidents, beginning with Woodrow Wilson. Now retired, his last post was Director of the United States Central Intelligence Agency. Ian Fleming, prolific author of chilling spy stories, is a former foreign correspondent, and also served as personal assistant to Britain's Director of Naval Intelligence during World War II.

It is a raw, rainy day. Allen Dulles and Ian Fleming arrive a few moments apart, Dulles first, accompanied by his publisher's representatives, then Fleming, who is staying in the hotel where the dialogue is to be held. Fleming is also accompanied by a publisher's representative. Dulles removes his hat and coat, then his rubbers, revealing feet shod in soft bedroom slippers. "I am allergic to wearing shoes indoors," he says. "I hope no one cares. I believe in being comfortable."

There is a brief hubbub in the hotel suite as Dulles and Fleming, old acquaintances, greet each other, as coffee is ordered, as appointments are made and as, one by one, the publishers' representatives, leaving copies of Fleming's and Dulles' books, make their farewells. Continuing their small talk, Dulles and Fleming establish themselves in comfortable chairs.

MR. DULLES: Are you staying in this hotel?

MR. FLEMING: Yes, I am.

DULLES: I always did. As long as Uncle Sam was paying the bill. Now my old law office, you know, has a suite in a hotel nearby, so now I use that. It's excellent.

FLEMING [*Sounding like his highly discriminating fictional hero, James Bond*]: It's a good, quiet hotel, without pretensions. But the big hotels, the good hotels, are all gone.

